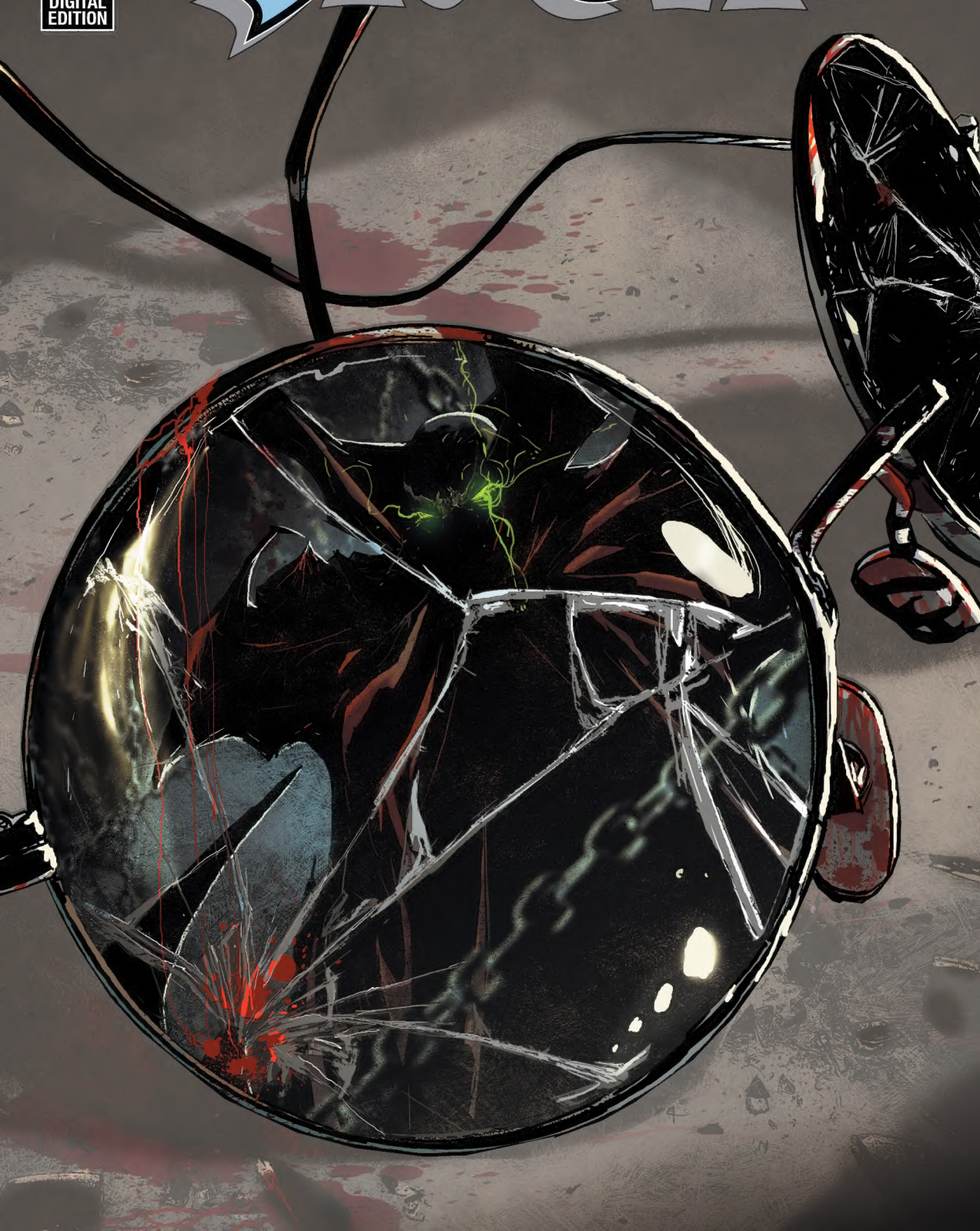


# SPAWN<sup>®</sup>







#### PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

Jim and Twitch face off in the alleys, and Twitch finally obtains visual proof of Al's demise.

Detective Craig Rowand finds himself in a face off of his own at the hospital with a sadistic nurse, who's not following protocol with Sam's treatment. When the bloody fight moves up on the roof, Rowand learns he's not dealing with the average medical staff, but something far more unexplainable.

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PRODUCTIONS

**SPAWN.COM**







NOW...  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



I TOLD  
YOU--I'M A  
COP. DETECTIVE  
WILLIAMS WITH  
THE...



DON'T PLAY  
GAMES WITH  
ME! I'M NOT IN  
THE MOOD FOR  
BULLSHIT!

I'M  
WITH THE  
N.Y.P.D.

YEAH?  
WELL THE LAST  
GUY WHO SAID  
THAT TO ME GOT  
HIS HEAD TORN  
OFF.\*

SO  
CONVINCE  
ME WHY I  
SHOULDN'T DO  
THE SAME TO  
YOU.

\*See issue 201--Todd



BECAUSE  
YOU CAN'T.  
AND YOU KNOW  
THAT!

YOU  
SEEMED  
SURPRISED I KNEW  
ABOUT AL AND  
HIS COSTUME.  
THAT INTRIGUES  
YOU.



SO, IF  
YOU WERE  
GOING TO KILL  
ME, I'M GUESSING  
YOU WOULD HAVE  
SNAPPED MY  
NECK TWENTY  
MINUTES  
AGO.

YOU'RE  
LOOKING  
FOR SOME-  
THING.

AND IF YOU  
DROP ME NOW,  
YOU MIGHT NOT  
EVER GET YOUR  
ANSWERS.



I DON'T  
THINK  
YOU'RE *THAT*  
STUPID.







SPECULATION IS STILL SWIRLING AROUND THE IDENTITY OF THE ALLEGED MIRACLE WORKER OF MIDTOWN MANHATTAN. WHILE THE POLICE CONTINUE TO SEARCH FOR HIM, THEY ARE RELUCTANT TO CONFIRM HIS NAME, THOUGH OUR SOURCES POINT TO A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL, **JIM DOWNING**. EQUALLY DIFFICULT TO CONFIRM IS AMATEUR VIDEO OF THE ALLEGED RESURRECTION OF A HIT-AND-RUN VICTIM, WHICH HAS BECOME AN INTERNET SENSATION. IN JUST THE PAST FEW HOURS, YOUTUBE HAS LOGGED IT AT OVER A HALF MILLION VIEWERS.

IF, AS DOCTORS ARE TRYING TO ASCERTAIN, THE MYSTERY MAN DID INDEED HEAL THE FALLEN PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE TOUCH OF HIS HANDS, THE MEDICAL AND RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES WILL BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.



**MR. JIM DOWNING**, THE MYSTERIOUS MIRACLE WORKER OF MANHATTAN, REMAINS SUCCESSFUL IN THE LESS MIRACULOUS FEAT OF **EVADING A POLICE DRAGNET** WITH HIS NAME ON IT. IN THE MEANTIME, THERE'S A **FRENZY** TO SEE WHO CAN GET THE NEXT **INTERVIEW** WITH THE LIFE-SAVER. WORD IS THAT THE **KARLENE PHILLIPS SHOW** WILL **RERUN** MR. DOWNING'S FIRST TELEVISED APPEARANCE FROM A FEW DAYS AGO. I WOULDN'T **DOUBT** THAT SHE'LL **ALSO** BE MARKETING A DISK OF **OUTTAKES**. **KEEP IT ALIVE, BABY GIRL!**

WITH ALL THIS ATTENTION FROM THE **MEDIA**, **LAW ENFORCEMENT** AND THE **MEDICAL** COMMUNITY, MR. DOWNING COULD EASILY BE THE **BIGGEST** NEWS STORY SINCE **JUSTIN BEIBER'S** WELL-CONSIDERED **HAIRCUT**. THERE'S EVEN TALK OF HAVING HIM HOST THE **OSCARS!** **BRAVO!**

I THINK IT'S **BRILLIANT**, THE WAY HE'S BUILDING HIS **BRAND**.



## AND WE'RE OFF AND RUNNING!!

NOW WE'RE BEING TOLD THAT THIS DOWNING CHARACTER IS THE **NEW MESSIAH**. PLEASE, EVERYONE, GET **OFF YOUR KNEES**. FIRST, LET SOMEONE CHECK WITH **PRESIDENT OBAMA** FOR **HIS** COMMENTS, BECAUSE I THOUGHT **HE** WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE LATEST AND GREATEST MESSIAH.

FOLKS, DO THEY **REALLY** THINK WE'RE **MENTAL MIDGETS?** THE ODDS OF THERE BEING NEW MESSIAHS IN **TWO** MAJOR MEDIA MARKETS ARE **INCALCULABLE!!**

ANYWAY, **SINCE WHEN** DO WE LET THE **MAIN-STREAM MEDIA** TELL US WHO'S WORTHY OF OUR DEVOTION? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT **my** FAITH ISN'T GOING TO BE HIJACKED BY SOME **HOMELESS REJECT** FROM A **MENTAL WARD!**... AT LEAST, **NOT** UNLESS HE CAN BRING MY **FIRST WIFE** BACK TO LIFE! THE NEXT MOVE IS **yours**, PAL!



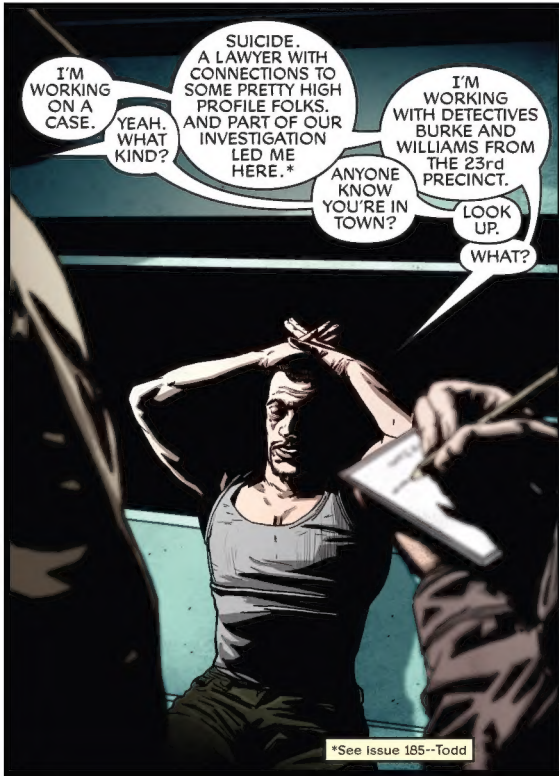


"DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE MESS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH, DETECTIVE ROWAND? SO TELL ME-- WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO HERE? YOU HAVE ANY IDEA *HOW BAD* THIS LOOKS?"



"GODDAMN MEDIA'S GOING TO TURN THIS SHIT-STORM INTO FRONT PAGE NEWS! NO ONE'S GOING TO EVER WANT TO GET THEIR FLU SHOTS AGAIN! SO, HELP ME OUT HERE BY ANSWERING A SIMPLE QUESTION.

"LIKE, WHY *THE HELL* ARE YOU EVEN IN MY CITY? VIRGINIA NOT EXCITING ENOUGH FOR YOU?"



I'M WORKING ON A CASE.

YEAH. WHAT KIND?

SUICIDE. A LAWYER WITH CONNECTIONS TO SOME PRETTY HIGH PROFILE FOLKS. AND PART OF OUR INVESTIGATION LED ME HERE.\*

ANYONE KNOW YOU'RE IN TOWN?

I'M WORKING WITH DETECTIVES BURKE AND WILLIAMS FROM THE 23rd PRECINCT.

LOOK UP.

WHAT?

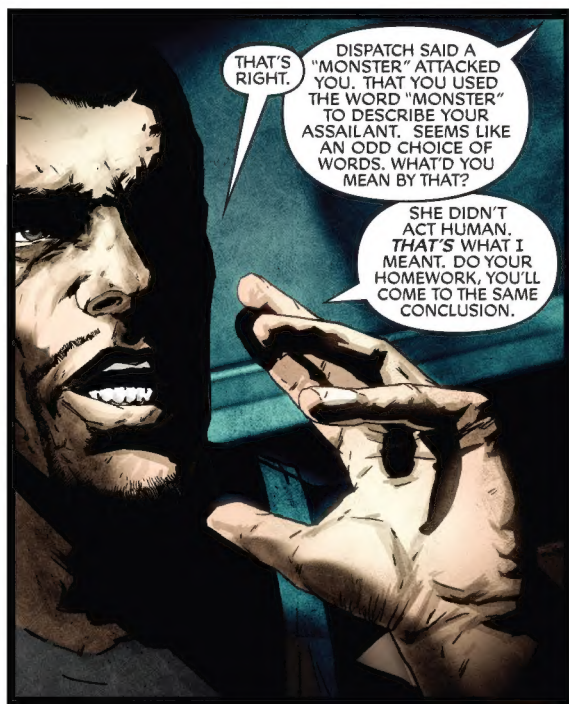
\*See Issue 185--Todd



I SAID LOOK UP. I WANT TO SEE YOUR NECK.

THEY TELL ME THE NURSE DID THAT TO YOU. THAT CORRECT?





THAT'S RIGHT.

DISPATCH SAID A "MONSTER" ATTACKED YOU. THAT YOU USED THE WORD "MONSTER" TO DESCRIBE YOUR ASSAILANT. SEEMS LIKE AN ODD CHOICE OF WORDS. WHAT'D YOU MEAN BY THAT?

SHE DIDN'T ACT HUMAN. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT. DO YOUR HOMEWORK, YOU'LL COME TO THE SAME CONCLUSION.



DON'T TELL US HOW TO DO OUR JOB. WE'RE NOT THE ONES POPPING NURSES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. JUST TELL US ABOUT THIS "MONSTER" OF YOURS.



I WAS WAITING FOR DETECTIVE WILLIAMS, WHOSE PARTNER IS LYING IN A BED UPSTAIRS. HE WANTED ME TO COME CHECK ON BURKE, SEE HOW HE WAS DOING. WHEN I GOT TO HIS FLOOR I THOUGHT IT SEEMED A LITTLE TOO QUIET. SO I WENT TO HIS ROOM.

WHEN I WALKED IN THE NURSE WAS ON TOP OF HIM.



I MEAN SHE WAS LITERALLY ON THE BED ATTACKING HIM. AND HER RIGHT HAND WAS INCHES AWAY FROM INJECTING HIM WITH--I DON'T KNOW--WITH SOMETHING. I ORDERED HER TO STEP AWAY FROM BURKE, AND BEFORE I COULD DO ANYTHING SHE WAS AT MY THROAT.

SHE WAS UNNATURALLY STRONG--AND FAST. I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MOVED LIKE THAT. AND I WAS JUST REACTING. FIGURED SHE WAS WIRED ON A HEAVY DOSE OF SOMETHING. METH. COKE. I DON'T KNOW.

BUT I PUT TWO SLUGS IN HER CHEST AND ANOTHER FIVE IN HER GUT--AND SHE STILL DIDN'T STOP. NOT UNTIL...





UNTIL  
WHAT?

THE  
ROOF.

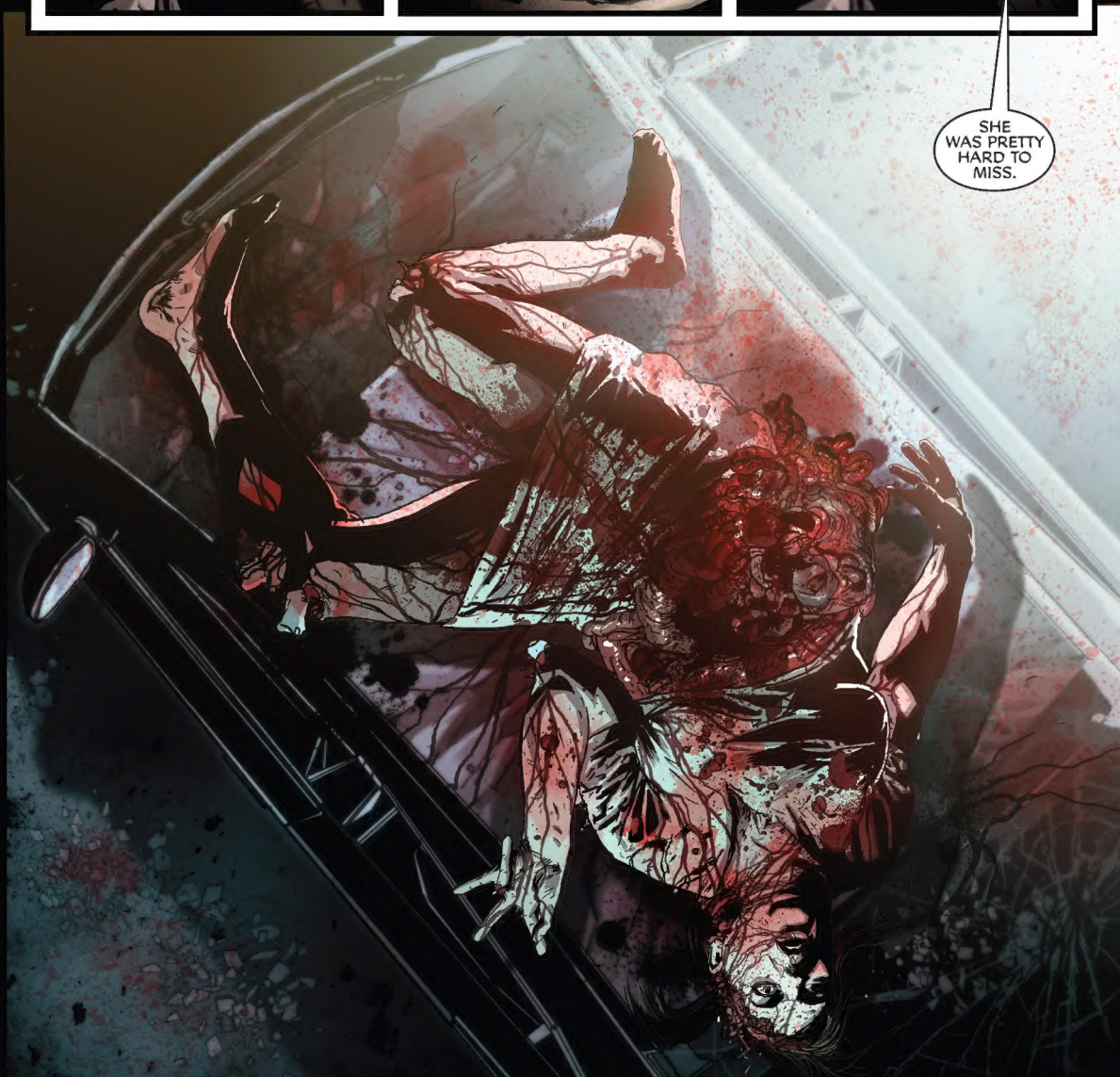


DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
SHE MADE IT  
THERE. SHE WAS  
STREAMING  
BLOOD THE  
ENTIRE  
TIME.

YOU'LL SEE  
THE CONDITION  
SHE WAS IN  
AFTER YOU FIND  
HER. HAVE YOU  
DONE THAT  
YET?



FIND  
HER? OH--  
WE'VE DONE  
THAT.

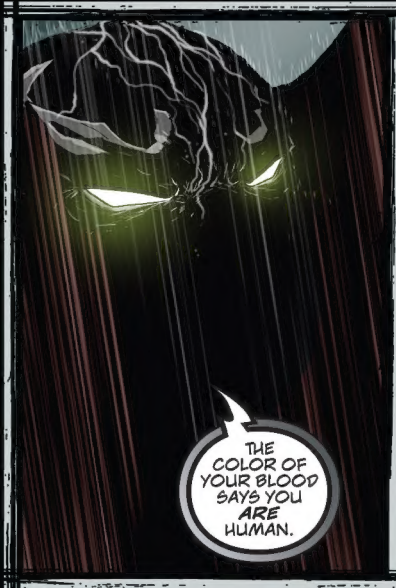


SHE  
WAS PRETTY  
HARD TO  
MISS.





INTERESTING.



THE  
COLOR OF  
YOUR BLOOD  
SAYS YOU  
ARE  
HUMAN.



WHAT  
WERE YOU  
THINKING?











jesus  
christ.

MAX...?

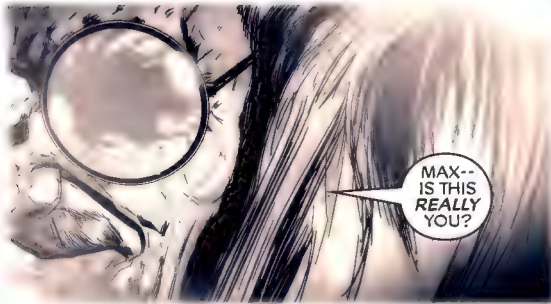
IT...  
CAN'T...  
BE.

HEY,  
DAD.  
IT'S BEEN  
A LONG  
TIME.

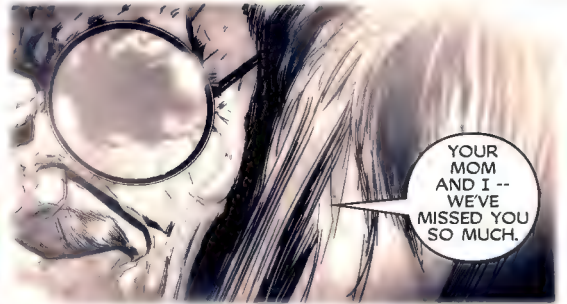


SON?





MAX--  
IS THIS  
REALLY  
YOU?



YOUR  
MOM  
AND I --  
WE'VE  
MISSED YOU  
SO MUCH.



I KNOW.  
I HEAR HER  
TALKING TO  
ME EVERY  
NIGHT.

SHE'S LOST  
WITHOUT YOU.  
I SEE IT IN  
HER EYES.

I'M  
SORRY,  
DAD.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN YOU'RE  
SORRY? FOR  
WHAT?

EVERY-  
THING. I'M  
JUST SORRY  
FOR EVERY-  
THING.

DON'T.  
YOU'VE DONE  
NOTHING  
WRONG. IT  
WAS ME--I'M  
THE ONE  
THAT SHOULD  
BE...

DAD.

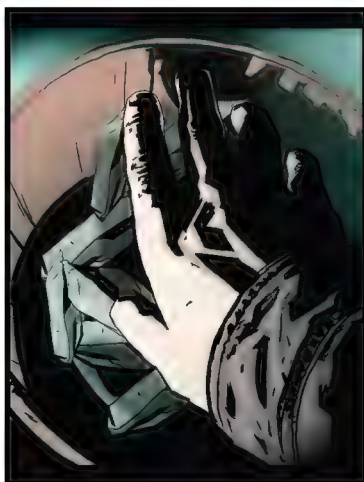
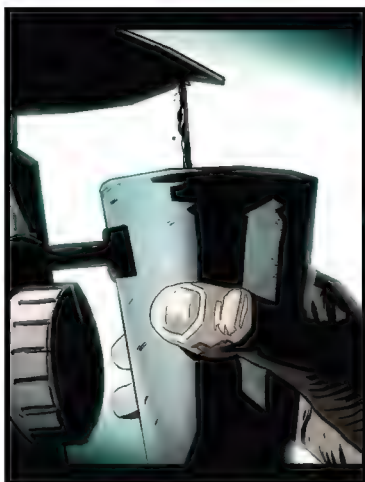
THAT'S NOT  
IMPORTANT,  
OKAY? IT'S  
NOT WHY I'M  
HERE.



I NEED  
YOU TO  
LISTEN TO ME.  
SOMETHING  
BAD IS  
COMING.

SOME-  
THING  
**REALLY**  
BAD.





WHAT'S  
YOUR GUT  
INSTINCT  
ON THIS  
ONE?

HARD TO  
TELL. I LIKE THAT  
HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY  
PROTECTING A FELLOW  
OFFICER--AND THE MISSING  
HOSPITAL STAFF SOUND  
LIKE SOMETHING  
BIGGER THAN A  
ROGUE COP.

YEAH, WELL CITY  
HALL ISN'T GOING TO BE  
IMPRESSED THAT OUR ONLY  
WITNESS IS AN OUT OF TOWN  
DETECTIVE WHOSE MENTAL  
STATE CAN EASILY BE  
CALLED INTO QUESTION  
AFTER TONIGHT.

WHAT'RE  
YOU  
SAYING?  
THAT HE HAD  
SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH  
THIS?

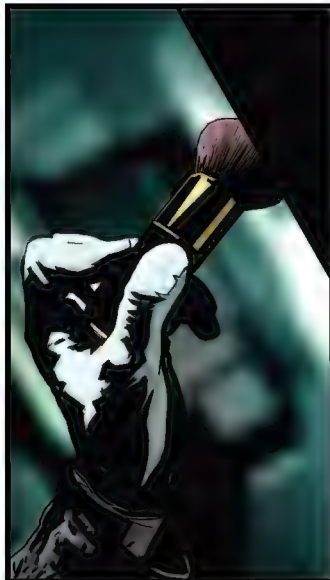
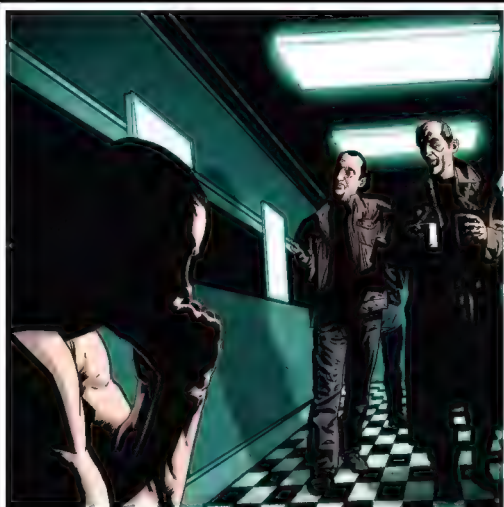
WE KNOW  
HE HAD  
SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH IT.  
QUESTION  
IS-- WAS IT  
ACTION OR  
REACTION?

SHOULD  
WE GET  
THE FEDS  
INVOLVED?

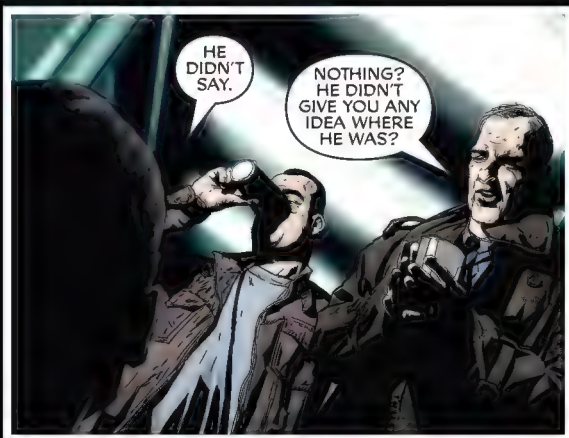
NOT  
YET.

LET'S POKE  
HIM A BIT MORE,  
SEE WHERE IT  
TAKES US.











I KNOW THIS MIGHT ALL BE OVERWHELMING TO YOU, BUT I NEED YOU TO HEAR THIS.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU RESCUED ME FROM THOSE *VAMPIRES* AND THEN FROM THAT HOUSE? WELL, WHEN I WAS THERE I DID SOME STUPID THINGS. GOT CAUGHT UP WITH SOME BAD PEOPLE BEFORE YOU SAVED ME.

BUT THE THING IS--YOU DIDN'T SAVE ME--NOT REALLY. I KNOW YOU TRIED, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. I WASN'T ME ANYMORE. NOT THE *SAME* ME, ANYWAY--I WAS DIFFERENT.

I AM DIFFERENT.

MAX, YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE.

DAD!

LISTEN TO ME.

PLEASE... JUST LISTEN TO ME. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

I'M TRYING TO *PROTECT* YOU, LIKE YOU ALWAYS TRIED TO PROTECT ME. SO I NEED TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING, BUT--IT'S COMPLICATED.

AND YOU CAN'T LET MOM KNOW WE MET. OR THEY'LL COME FOR HER TOO.



OH  
CRAP!  
NO!

WHAT  
IS IT?!

GOODBYE,  
DAD...  
I LOVE  
YOU.

HE'LL  
KILL US  
ALL!

HE'S  
AFTER  
THE SUIT--  
MR. SIMMONS'  
SUIT. YOU  
CAN'T LET HIM  
GET IT. DON'T  
LET HIM TAKE  
CONTROL.

BUT YOU  
NEED TO KNOW  
HIS NAME.  
BLUDD. HIS  
NAME IS **BLUDD**.  
YOU HAVE TO  
STOP HIM!

THEY  
FOUND  
ME! I HAVE  
TO GO!

**MAX!**

REMEMBER--  
HIS NAME IS  
**BLUDD**.

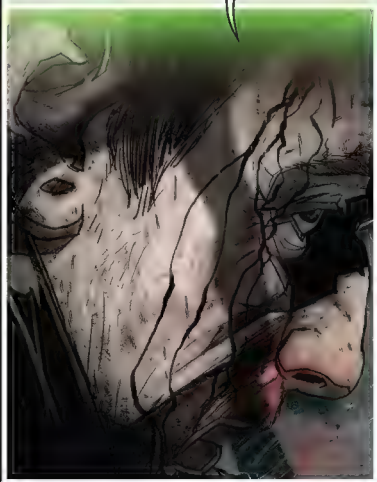
**NO!**

DON'T GO!  
PLEASE DON'T  
LEAVE ME...

...AGAIN.\*

\*See CASE FILES 6 for the death  
of Twitch's son --Todd





max?



WHO'S  
MAX?



GO TO  
HELL.





I'M  
DONE  
TALKING  
TO  
YOU.

leave me  
alone.

CAN'T  
DO  
THAT.

LIKE YOU  
SAID--I CAN'T  
AFFORD TO KILL  
YOU. AT LEAST  
NOT YET.

AND  
WHAT IF I  
REFUSE?

YOU  
ALREADY KNOW  
THE ANSWER TO THAT  
AND YOU STRIKE ME  
AS SOMEONE SMART  
ENOUGH TO WANT  
TO STAY ALIVE.

WHICH MEANS  
YOU'LL TELL ME ABOUT  
MY COSTUME--AND  
AL SIMMONS. AND ANY-  
THING ELSE I WANT  
TO KNOW.

YOU  
BROKE MY  
GLASSES.

asshole.

DON'T  
THINK I HAVE  
AN EXTRA PAIR  
ANYMORE.

I'M  
WAITING.

REALLY?

GOOD!  
BECAUSE HERE'S  
HOW IT'S GOING  
TO BE. I DON'T LIKE  
YOU! AND AFTER  
DROPPING ME OFF  
THAT BUILDING, I'LL  
ASSUME THE FEELING'S  
MUTUAL. OUR  
DISTRUST FOR EACH  
OTHER MIGHT  
BE THE ONLY THING  
WE'LL HAVE IN  
COMMON.

AND WHETHER  
YOU REALIZE IT OR  
NOT, YOU'RE GOING TO  
NEED MY HELP BECAUSE  
SOMEONE WANTS THAT  
COSTUME YOU STOLE  
FROM AL. IF THEY GET IT,  
WE'RE SCREWED! NOT  
JUST YOU AND I...  
BUT ALL OF US.

SO, THOUGH I'D  
RATHER NOT, HERE'S  
WHAT I KNOW...













Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE